

## Sir Francis bacon At The Net

Cowboy Junkies

Merciless nature, human and mother walk this land  
Each through the arm of the other  
Their tithe they count in millions  
In a Land that loves its villains

So calculating it parses a man  
Between the hand that held the dream  
And the sword being held by the hand  
Their golden frames hang gleaming  
Tangled bones of their crimes bleaching  
Their golden frames hang gleaming  
Bleaching bones of their crimes tangling

There he stands a mere mist of a thing  
Waiting his turn to challenge the King  
He counts his time in centuries  
He lives on the smallest of mercies  
He counts his time in centuries

As the map is unrolled the dagger comes out  
And that which was certain will now end in doubt  
Thank you Sir Francis Bacon  
Another piece of advice not taken  
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